Once in a While

French Montana

It's your boy Max Biggavel
We wavy, wavy baby, on the wave
Why I always do that?
'Cause I had this over over my head so I said
I figured you know if I gotta go trial, i'll just go trial
At least I know a nigga out there holdin' it down
You know what I'm sayin
We was a part of something together my nigga
He killin' it, number one
Like he real wavy right now, and I always knew it's no secret
Get the Coke Wave, listen to it
Keep the jams on radio, Macaroni and Cheese
Like, I'm tellin' 'em
I already knew what was gonna go down, you feel me
It's nothingNo evil in you is the guest that shall prosper me
Who God bless, no man curseAnd they say,(Han!)
It's what ya all been waitin' for,
It's what ya all been waitin' for,
It's what ya all been waitin' for, ain't it?
What people payin' paper for?It's what ya all been waitin' for,
It's what ya all been waitin' for, (Han!)
It's what ya all been waitin' for, ain't it?
What people payin' paper for?Murder, cold blooded murder,
Cold blooded murder,
My money on the line,
Murder was the case that they gave meMurder, cold blooded murder,
Cold blooded murder,
My money on the line,
Murder was the case that they gave meGetting shot up, then he got up,
Came back then he lit the spot up,
Homie hit the chart up
Moroccan boy, you sloppy boy,
3 chains on, I be Rocky boy,
Packs out the lobby boy,
Nigga you can read on, each dream on,
French, got my feet on,
With money I can lean on,
Canary chain cold but still keep the heat on,
Your bitch with the raccoon vest, Peter Pete on

Catch me at the game, hard wood where my feet on,
Lookin' for an actress on my wood I could skeet on,
Mansion on the other hand, live from the mother land,
2 straps on, east side where you rumbling,Murder, cold blooded murder,
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What people payin' paper for?Alfred Hitchcock, two fifth, fist spot
Caught a nigga slippin' for his chain and his wrist watch,
Murder was the case that they gave me,
I can't believe my boo 'bout to have my baby,
Fuck, you out of luck, Mercedes truck,
Pull up, distance, shoot better than Miller
Ducking from the narcs, Ellesmere get torn apart
Out of control, now a nigga go control him up,
Shoot outs and move out, ask the brick layers
Now I'm floor seats, talkin' to the bench players,
Tellin' Mike Bibby, it's my city,
Lead the game, hit Green House, me and Diddy,Murder, cold blooded murder,
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What people payin' paper for?

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